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Summary: Steve and Jonathan celebrate their two year dating anniversary with a movie, cuddled up in a theater while Jonathan reflects on their relationship. Steve has a plan to take their relationship to the next stage, regardless of what the law says. Written for Stonathan Week 2017 - Prompt: Celebrations

Your Left Hand Man

Stranger Things – Stonathan – Stonathan Week Day 1 – Your Left-Hand Man

It had been a long day for Jonathan, he'd had three separate appointments, one of which took nearly three hours, and honestly, he had gotten a bit more social since college, but spending three hours in a café with the world's most annoying couple, who could not stop fighting over every little detail, wore him down quite a bit. He was looking forward to spending the night with Steve, just the two of them, to celebrate their two-year anniversary. That was, if Steve had remembered.

Jonathan wouldn't fault him if he hadn't, he'd been busy the past month, with work and his classes, he didn't have much time to remember little details. And it wasn't like Jonathan was the most romantic person, he liked it when Steve did romantic things, but he didn't necessarily require them to be happy with the relationship. Just having Steve around was enough for him, everything else was just an added bonus. If Steve had forgotten, that was alright. They could celebrate another time, maybe on Steve's next day off. Two years was worth celebrating, after all.

Jonathan shrugged to himself and began pulling things out of the fridge, noting that they'd have to go grocery shopping soon. He set to work preparing supper, nothing fancy, just some pasta, maybe a salad. He hadn't planned to make a special dinner because of how late it would be when Steve got off work. And if he had gotten off work early, then they would have just gone out for dinner, instead, like they usually did on date night. In the beginning, having Jonathan cook for him had been a date in itself for Steve, but now that it happened nearly daily, it had become routine. Not that Jonathan wasn't a decent cook, it just wasn't exciting anymore. Still, Jonathan tried to keep up the variety. He'd recently found a box of old recipes his grandmother had passed down to his mother and was trying them out one by one, which Steve seemed to enjoy citing 'My family doesn't pass down anything but money, and even then, it's not exactly special.'

Once supper was finished, Jonathan put some of it aside for Steve, so he could reheat it when he got home and took the rest to the living room to sit and eat in front of the television. He absentmindedly flipped through the stations, not really sure what he wanted to watch while he waited for Steve to get home in a couple hours.

Steve got home late most nights due to his job at the theater. He worked nights so he could attend classes at the community college in the next town over during the day. He was working towards becoming a physical education teacher, he planned to work at Hawkins when he graduated. He already coached a little league team and the kids loved him, so, with a lot of encouragement from Jonathan, he'd decided to go ahead and become a teacher. It took work, but he was doing well in his classes and was on track to graduate in a few years.

Jonathan never minded staying up for Steve. It wasn't like he had to wake up all that early, usually, as he scheduled most of his appointments for the afternoon. His job wasn't particularly demanding, so he was usually less tired than Steve, minus the days when he had to deal with fighting couples trying to decide on a wedding photographer. They'd decided he was good enough, in the end, but Jonathan wasn't sure the marriage would even last long enough for him to develop the photos.

He'd become a pretty successful photographer after college, he did a lot of work for weddings and events, but his real passion was his side projects, which had finally gotten enough recognition for him to be published. A few of his photos hung in the town hall, too, which was quite the achievement in his eyes.

Jonathan looked up as the phone rang, a little surprised. It was too late in the evening for it to be any of his clients. He made his way over to it and picked it up, answering, "Harrington-Byers residence?"

"Come to the theater," was the reply.

"Steve?"

"Yeah, babe," Jonathan could picture the affectionate smile on Steve's face. He really loved that man. "Come on, I've closed up. I thought we

could catch a movie."

"So, you did remember?"

"Of course, I did, John, how could I forget?"

Jonathan smiled to himself and shook his head. Of course, Steve would remember. Steve hadn't forgotten a single important date since they'd begun dating. He paid so much attention to small details, it was one of the things that made Jonathan fall in love with him. "I'll be there soon."

He hung up the phone and grabbed his keys, locking their apartment and heading to his car. The drive to the theater was short, and Jonathan couldn't help but wonder what Steve had planned.

In the early days of their relationship, the theater was where they went when they wanted some privacy and couldn't get it at either of their houses. In the back of the theater, in the dark, they were safe from prying eyes and it gave them a sense of freedom they hadn't been able to get anywhere else. Lately, though, now that they had their own place and didn't need to sneak around, it had become less a place to hide and more an actual date spot. Steve would close up the theater and then he'd play whatever movie they were showing for him and Jonathan to watch alone and make fun of. Well, Jonathan made fun of them, Steve was far too easily invested in every cheesy romcom plot they played.

Steve was waiting for Jonathan outside the theater and the second he closed the door to his car he found himself being pressed against it and pulled into a bruising kiss. Jonathan laughed as Steve pulled back to trail kisses across his jaw before gently shoving him away, "Someone's going to see us." Not that it mattered, they lived together, he was sure people already had their suspicions about them, and honestly, it didn't matter to him one bit.

"It's one in the morning, I don't think anyone's going to care. Besides, with as long as your hair is now, you could pass as a girl," Steve snorted, tugging on a lock of Jonathan's hair before pulling back from him.

"Is that your way of telling me I need a haircut?" Jonathan asked, following Steve onto the sidewalk.

"Yes," Steve confirmed.

"I'll do it next week, alright? Now can we go inside?" Jonathan rolled his eyes and tucked the strand of hair behind his ear. Maybe it was getting too long. He hadn't cut it in quite some time, so it was well past his ears, if he gave it another couple of months, he'd probably be able to wear it in a ponytail.

Steve huffed out a laugh and took Jonathan's hand, leading him into the theater.

Jonathan leaned on the counter, watching his boyfriend clean out the popcorn maker, occasionally glancing back at Jonathan and giving him a grin that Jonathan read to mean he had something up his sleeve tonight, whatever it may be. Their snacks were placed on the counter near Jonathan, a bucket of popcorn, some gummy bears, and two sodas, waiting to be taken into the theater and shared while whatever movie Steve picked played on in front of them.

They did this at least twice a month, Steve choosing whatever movie he thought Jonathan would like best out of all the choices, which didn't necessarily mean he'd like it enough to pay attention. It was sweet of Steve to consider him, but more often than not, Jonathan took the time to cuddle up to Steve and just exist next to him for a while. It was nice, and Jonathan loved it every time, even when the movie was absolute garbage.

Steve had been so worried about them being seen together in the beginning. He hadn't wanted to be disowned by his parents, hadn't wanted to lose them, even if they'd never really loved him, the idea of being forced away from them was a hard one to face, but once he'd moved in with Jonathan, that worry had dissipated, for the most part. He no longer relied on his parents for anything, not money, not housing, and definitely not love. He'd found a new family in Ms. Byers and Hopper, who treated him like a son, and Will, who had taken a liking to him almost immediately, since he'd already had a good report with all of Dustin's friends. They even managed to rope Jonathan and him into playing Dungeons and Dragons on occasion.

He'd felt more love from Jonathan's family than he'd ever felt from his own and the ache left over from the years of neglect was dulled in their presence.

So, Steve was no longer afraid of being seen with Jonathan. Sure, he wasn't about to make out with Jonathan in the middle of main street during broad daylight, but he would hold his hand and had stopped worrying whether or not they were together. He said it didn't matter because rumors were already flying about them, had been since they'd first started going out, but since they'd gotten their own place they'd only gotten worse. Jonathan didn't care, he was used to people giving him weird looks, but he did worry about what it did to Steve, and whether it would eventually cause Steve to leave him.

But tonight wasn't a night to be worrying about those things. He could worry all he wanted when he was alone, but he wasn't going to work himself up to the point that he ruined this night for both of them. It did eat at him, though, some days, the thought that one day it might finally be too much for Steve to take. He shook his head and reminded himself that he hadn't lost Steve yet, and it had been two years, so it wasn't likely to happen anytime soon.

Steve returned from the projector room shortly before the opening credits ended and lead Jonathan into the dark theater, choosing seats in the middle of it because that was where they tested the sound quality from. The perks of having a theater to yourself meant that you could sit anywhere you like, and you didn't have to worry about other people talking while you watched the movie. Not that Jonathan cared, if it wasn't horror then it wasn't interesting to him, these days. He'd seen a million romcoms with Steve and not a one interested him.

Steve smiled at him as he took his seat next to Jonathan, raising the bar between the seats so Jonathan could get closer. Jonathan wasted no time in snuggling up beside him, laying his head on Steve's shoulder and just enjoying being with him. Steve perched the popcorn on his lap and ran his fingers through Jonathan's hair, turning his attention to the screen.

Jonathan did his best to watch the movie, but fifteen minutes in he found himself rolling his eyes more than he actually watched the

screen. It didn't matter though, Steve had set this up for them and he'd do his best to participate. He sighed to himself and focused on the way it felt to have Steve's fingers running through his hair, content to just stay there with him, no matter how boring the movie.

Still, he couldn't believe it had been two years since they'd started dating. Honestly, in the beginning he had thought it was a joke, playboy Steve Harrington having a laugh by pretending to want to go out with a guy, but he'd proven himself more than serious and Jonathan had finally accepted. They'd gone to a diner a couple towns over for their first date and Jonathan had been nervous the whole time, though, not nearly as nervous as Steve. It was like he was trying to be perfect, every little detail had to be just right, and it had been amusing to watch at first, but amusement had quickly turned to concern, and Jonathan had asked him what was really going on.

Steve had admitted to not knowing what to do. It was his first date with a guy and he was scared he was going to fuck it up some how just by being him and then Jonathan wouldn't want to go out with him again, which would suck, since Steve had wanted to ask him out before he'd even gone to college. Jonathan had been a little stunned that Steve had waited four years for him and when he pressed the issue, Steve had simply shrugged and said that he was worth it. Jonathan hadn't been able to describe how he felt when Steve told him that, but looking back, he realized that was the moment he'd started falling for him. He'd had a lot of misconceptions about Steve in the beginning, but Steve had been more than willing to prove them wrong.

The next few dates had gone well, and Jonathan had expected Steve to make a move, after all, he was Steve Harrington, but he hadn't. Jonathan had simply chalked it up to him wanting to be a gentleman for once, but after around the eighth date, Jonathan was curious and a little bit offended. When he'd asked, Steve had blushed and looked away, admitting he actually had no idea how to be with a guy and he didn't want Jonathan to laugh at him for his inexperience, but he wasn't having a very good time trying to find out that information, because it wasn't like you could just go up to the local librarian and ask for a book on fucking guys, so he was a little stuck. Jonathan had understood and explained that, while Steve may not have known

what to do, he did, college had taught him quite a bit, and he would help him through it whenever Steve was ready. It had taken a few more dates before Steve made his move one night when his parents were away on a business trip, and though it had been awkward as hell, over the years they'd definitely gotten better.

Jonathan sighed again and reached for another handful of popcorn, his hand brushing Steve's as he did. Instead of pulling away, Steve ran his fingers up Jonathan's wrist, smiling at him and pressing a kiss to his head. Jonathan blushed and grabbed the popcorn, picking out the unpopped kernels and tossing them back in the bucket. It was almost empty, but it seemed like the movie was almost over, so it didn't matter.

"Oh!" Steve jumped, startled, when Jonathan began to speak. "Happy anniversary, I forgot to tell you that."

Steve chuckled and tugged gently at Jonathan's hair, earning him an affectionate smile he could just barely see. "You, too."

The movie ended a few minutes later, Jonathan turning his attention back to the screen only to find out he had no actual idea what was going on. He stretched as the credits began to roll, reaching out for another handful of popcorn, his finger tips brushing against a hard object instead of the airy popcorn he was expecting. Thinking it was empty, he looked inside, just to make sure, and was puzzled when he found a dark black box nestled among the popcorn kernels. He picked it up, examining it as the credits ended and the lights came back on, since they were set on a timer so Steve wouldn't have to go and manually turn them back on.

"Steve?" Jonathan asked, drawing the older man's attention, "What's this? And why was it in the popcorn?"

Steve gave him that same mischievous grin he'd given him before the movie that promised he had something planned, whether it was good or bad, Jonathan wasn't sure, but he thought he might have an idea. "Open it."

Jonathan was skeptical, because he doubted the conclusions his brain had jumped to, but upon opening the box, he felt his heart skip in his

chest.

It was a ring, a simple silver band inside the black velvet box. He wasn't sure what to say, his brain seemed to have short circuited. It wasn't possible, they couldn't, it wasn't even legal, was it? "Steve? Is this-?"

"I know it's only been two years, but they've been the best of my life," Steve started, taking Jonathan's hand. "I've been I plenty of relationships, but I've never been able to picture myself growing old with someone, I've never been able to see that far ahead, but with you, I want that. I want to love you for the rest of my life. I want to wake up beside you every morning and go to bed next to you every night. I want you, Jonathan, and I know it won't be official, but we can still have a ceremony and have rings and be each other's forever. I can't picture my life without you. You're the reason I'm in school, the reason I'm not afraid of my parents, the reason I have a real family now, you're the reason I'm *happy*, Jonathan, happier than I've ever been. You've made my life so much better, and I want to spend the rest of it with you. I love you."

"Steve-" Jonathan couldn't keep the smile off his face as he looked up at Steve, who was giving him a look of complete sincerity, the same look he'd gotten when Steve had first asked him out, and Jonathan couldn't stop the feeling of utter joy and love he felt in that moment.

"Jonathan Byers, will you marry me?"

"Yes," Jonathan nodded. "Yes, of course." How could he not? He was utterly in love with Steve, had been since the first month they'd started dating. Truthfully, he'd been in love with him for longer, since before high school had even ended, but he'd never admitted it to himself. He'd gone away and expected to leave the feelings behind, but he hadn't. Coming back home after college and seeing him again had taken his breath away, and having him ask him out had been a dream come true, so much so that Jonathan had initially questioned it, but he rarely questioned Steve anymore. He hadn't ever expected anything more than living together, that was the most the law would allow, but Steve was right, he could wear the ring.

Steve beamed at him and reached out for the box, taking out the ring

and holding his hand out for Jonathan's. He slid the ring onto Jonathan's finger and Jonathan looked down at it before looking up at Steve through his lashes, giving him a shy but steady look, "I love you, too."

There was so much he wanted to express, so much love, but he had never been good at expressing himself through words. He generally let music and photography do the talking for him, but he felt the need to do something, so he leaned over and pressed a kiss to Steve's lips, gentle and firm as he tried to convey all the emotion he felt with the gesture, growing more passionate as the kiss went on.

The kiss didn't end until Steve's hands were tangled in his hair and Jonathan was panting from lack of air, both smiling like idiots. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Jonathan ran his thumb across Steve's bruised bottom lip, he couldn't remember the last time he felt so happy. He toyed with the idea of being with Steve forever, but he'd never mentioned it, afraid he'd scare him off, but Steve had proved him wrong. "Never thought you'd settle down. Never thought you were the type."

"I wasn't, but then I met you. I can't imagine my future without you in it."

"Well, aren't I special."

"You are, and I'm lucky to have you."

Jonathan snorted and pulled him back in for another kiss, fully aware that he'd never be without Steve again. All his worrying had been for nothing. Steve wasn't leaving, not ever, and nothing could make Jonathan happier.

"I want to take your last name," Steve told him as they broke apart. "I know, legally, we can't apply for a marriage license, but I can change my name, so what do you think?"

"What about your family?"

"You are my family. You and your mom, Hopper, and Will. You've

been more of a family to me these past couple of years than my parents ever have been. I don't care about them or their legacy. So, can I?" Steve asked, worrying his lip between his teeth, unsure of what Jonathan's reaction would be.

"If that's what you want." Jonathan wouldn't object if it made Steve happy.

"It is."

"Well, then, Steve Byers, welcome to the family," Jonathan told him, resting his forehead against Steve's and intertwining their fingers. They had a very long and very happy future ahead of them and Jonathan couldn't wait to spend all of it with Steve.